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The First Great Realists

BY EDITH HAMILTON

TO turn the pages of history is to see how few realities are immortally real, and how many, many transient realities have had a decisive influence upon mankind. How compelling and universally real hell once was and today to how limited a degree, so that it is on its way to becoming altogether unreal. The old terror it sprang from has ceased to work and hell has ceased to matter to us. What blood has been shed and what suffering endured for that, to us, shadowy figment, the divine right of kings. And yet it would be wrong to conclude that the unreal is the same as the untrue. Reality has actually very little to do with truth; there is no necessary connection between the two. Truth may be as unreal as fiction. The real world, the world we live in, is a place of form and color, of "seas and sunsets, trees and flowers, men and women, kings and popes and members of parliament." The true world is a strange, remote, scientific matter of "protons and neutrons," a world with which we can make no connection except through our minds, to which we can do nothing, which has no effect upon our lives. It is truth never to be touched or seen, forever unreal. Nothing could be less real to us than the fourth dimension; it will never attain to reality unless some future scientist discovers how people can live in it. The ether-waves were a long-demonstrated scientific truth and completely unreal until Marconi made them real. On the other hand, Jeanne d'Arc's voices were real enough to win battles and set a king upon his throne.

EDITH HAMILTON

The Bible is the great book of human experience. We think of it as the book about God, not man, but even though it has only one hero, the Lord God Almighty, and only one avowed object, to express His inexpressible greatness, it is actually concerned at least as much with mankind. The ways of God and the ways of men were equally interesting to the Hebrew writers and nothing else interested them at all. To the first they gave all their unsurpassed poetic power; to the other what was hardly less remarkable in them, their keenness of observation and penetration of judgment, solidly based upon that realistic view of life we call commonsense, which was strong in every one of them.

They were intellectualists, bent upon using their minds and seeing the facts just as the Greeks were, but their facts were different. What concerned the one was not important to the other. The Greeks cared most for ideas that clarified and explained. They were always trying to think things out. Is the earth really flat? they asked. Is the sun in very truth Apollo in his car? And what are all these notions we talk about so easily, justice, temperance, friendship? Learning and being able to explain was a passion with them. This state of mind was unknown to the Hebrews. They never looked for explanations or tried to find a cause for anything. Why should they? The one and only cause was the Almighty God, Creator of all that is. They scorned the idea that mere man could fathom the universe.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
Declare, if thou hast understanding.
Who shut up the sea with doors
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further:
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?
Knowest thou it because thou wast then born?
Or because the numbers of thy days is great?
Shall he that contendeth with the Almighty instruct him?
He that reproveth God, let him answer it.

At God's good pleasure the sun shone and at His command it gave way to darkness and the stars of night. Nature's ways were His ways. When they considered the heavens they saw them as the work of His fingers, and they questioned only, What is man, that thou art mindful of him?

The division between the two was absolute. Both the sublime and the practical were realities to them, but they never mixed them. The place of the one was in heaven, of the other upon the earth. By so much the farther God was removed from men, so were men from God. The more the Hebrews thought of Him, the less they thought of them. The Greeks, that other nation of antiquity in which we are spiritually and intellectually rooted, had also a strong sense of the sublime, but they were able to express it in human terms. The Hebrews turned away with horror from any attempt to do this. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above." All transcendent excellency, all that we call divine, was so immeasurably above the human that to conceive of it under any human semblance would be completely to falsify it. They saw mankind as poor creatures and life as a bad business. It is never to be forgotten in what a savage and cruel world they lived. Nature herself was savage in Palestine, and

Next Week

GEORGE ELIOT
By BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS
Reviewed by Amabel Williams-Ellis

LOCOS
By FELIPE ALFAU
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

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the country lay in the path of great warring empires, surrounded, too, by bitterly hostile neighbors. Life was in literal truth a desperately hard business, and in such circumstances an optimistic view of human nature does not flourish.

The Hebrews found only in their conception of God any direct expression of the great spiritual force they were endowed with. They could be exalted by His glory alone, Who covered Himself with light as a garment, Who made the clouds His chariots and walked upon the wings of the wind. He was their escape from the suffering and the sordid meanness of life as they saw it with their keen eyes and felt it with their deep power of feeling.

The Romans, on an altogether lower level of intellect and heart, could find theirs in realms of romance peopled by heroes. The Greeks did not want an escape. The world was beautiful and interesting to them and they rejoiced to live in it. They, too, had set themselves to understand human nature and they had a profound knowledge of it, but when they wrote of Antigone they showed her wholly noble. They fixed their eyes on that side of her because to them that was what was important in her, not the defects which as a human being she of course had. The good was what counted. But the Hebrews were never able to ignore the defects. They could not see man's grandeur, but only his misery. They felt a deep compassion for human wretchedness, far beyond what the Greeks felt, with the single exception of Euripides, but they could not feel exalted by the tragedy of a great soul suffering; they could not feel fired by a hero's death. They were prevented by their nature from ever finding heroes or great souls.

Their intellectual interest was human beings, looked at as a man looks at his neighbors, individuals more or less faulty, each one like, but also unlike, all the rest. This strong bent to individualize did not belong to the Greeks. They were not concerned to note the peculiarities and minute distinctions that mark off one person from another. Their turn of mind was largely scientific and philosophical and a particular man considered as different from everybody else is not a subject for either way of thinking. The scientists and the philosophers have got to ignore him. But the Hebrews did not care for science or philosophy. To know for the sake of knowing, so entrancing to the Greeks, meant nothing at all to them. They had no disposition whatever, in any direction

> To follow knowledge like a setting star
> Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

The truth they desired was that which had a direct meaning for their lives. They wanted to know the truth about human nature, and they turned upon the search into it all the force and all the keenness of their minds. They had no wish to make it out good or bad, but only to understand it, and they studied people with a cool dispassionateness no scientist could surpass. The chroniclers who wrote the lives of the nation's great men considered them in exactly the same way as they did people in ordinary life, and when they set down all their failings they had no fear of offending their public who would have looked skeptically if not derisively at any attempt to show a man as wholly good and glorious.

Livy sets us all aglow over Roman heroism. The Hebrew writers with even better stories kindle no fire. Moses, the greatest man of the race, is never presented in a heroic light, from the moment he is first told to "bid Pharaoh to let my people go," and terrified at the perilous mission begs off until "the anger of the Lord was kindled against Moses," to the end when he must die as a punishment for sin without entering the promised land.

David, embarking upon a course of mad adventure, killing Goliath, stealing by night into the tent where his arch enemy lay surrounded by soldiers, and carrying off "his spear and the cruse of water at his bolster" to prove that he had had him at his mercy, risking his life perpetually in hair breadth 'scapes, a shepherd boy who ended as a king, would have become in any other nation in the world a shining figure of romance, only his deeds of glory remembered. But in the Old Testament he is chiefly human, very imperfectly heroic. The most contemptible act of his life, the murder of Uriah, hard to surpass in point of contemptibility, is written out in detail with no attempt at extenuation. And the Hebrew father teaching his son would call upon him to mark well the story, and realize that "there is none that is righteous, no not one, save only the Lord God."

This dispassionate accuracy is seen nowhere better than in their treatment of women. The Bible is the only literature in the world up to our own century which looks at women as human beings, no better and no worse than men. The Old Testament writers considered them just as impartially as they did men, free from prejudice and even from condescension. What historian of any other nationality writing of a general's great victory, Barak's over "Sisera with his chariots and his multitude," would set down how he cried out to a woman when she bade him go fight, "If thou wilt go with me, then I will go: but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go"? And Deborah answered, "I will surely go with thee."

Bad women and faulty women are plainly dealt with, usually presented as "the strange woman which flattereth with her tongue" and "taketh hold of the youth void of understanding," and as the quarrelsome,—"A continual dropping on a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike"—but the criticisms are always reasonable and well founded. So too is the praise. After a long acquaintance with the remarkable ladies of the romancers and poets of other lands, it is refreshing to stand on firm ground with the author of the last chapter of Proverbs, whose mother, we are told, had taught him, and who had never an idea that woman was the lesser man or some bright angelic visitant. Neither of these strange creatures had come within the writer's field of observation, but he had observed many women and when he took for his subject The Virtuous Woman he had no need to use the wings of the imagination. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She worketh willingly with her hands; she riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household. She con-

(*Continued on page* 18)

To a Purple Iris

By GEORGE O'NEIL

PURPLE is a marriage. Here, in union,
Ravished yet ardent, burning to be one,
Blue, virginal, and bull vermillion
Pulse, for the vision, their complete communion.

An arid mind could guzzle here an hour
And bloat with splendor. Jackal eyes could eat
And founder on this hue. Here's light like meat.
Let those long famished linger and devour.

Blandly, the teasing genius which creates us
Repeats the alchemy that thralls our blood.
By calm redundance of our own intent
Earth primes our deepest hunger and elates us.
This color mocks at continence; its flood
Must drench the ground of every argument.

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The Literary Mind

MONOGRAM. By G. B. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

THE literary mind is characterized, among other things, by a feeling for words, independent of their meaning; a tendency not merely to make copy of events, but to think of events in terms of copy; and the habit of literary reference and quotation. Any one who wishes to watch the process at work, regardless of what results it turns up, cannot do better than read "Monogram." Like most products of the literary mind, it is good reading; it represents the literary mind on the loose.

"Monogram" is a sort of autobiography written by the free-association method. "Words: an avalanche, a concentration, a superfluity, a redundancy, a profusion, an exuberance, an inundation, a surfeit of words. Life and Roget's Thesaurus arm-in-arm. So let us try, for a change, to put our words into thoughts. Surely [this is G. B. Stern writing, not Christopher Morley] this should be what they call autobiography?" But it is not conventional autobiography: few of the facts about Miss Stern's life are in it, and few of her personal associations. As the essays of Montaigne amount to an autobiography, G. B. Stern's autobiography comes out as a book of essays.

The free-association method leads Miss Stern through amusing links of connection over a wide variety of subjects and ideas. There are entertaining notes on snobbery and on travel. There is an extremely interesting account of the first night of "Journey's End" when it was produced in Germany, under the title "The Other side" — Miss Stern sat in a box with R. C. Sheriff. There is the piece on the Elsie books which ran in last week's *New Yorker*— for some unexplained reason, it was either cut for the book or expanded for the magazine. There are some cogent reflections on the Dreyfus case. There is an ingenious but dubious theory about Jane Austen. There are some delightful off-the-record reminiscences of Miss Stern's relatives who were the originals of the Rakonitzes in her "Matriarch" series. And there is an interesting note on the California earthquake of 1933, which caught the author in the bathtub.

MONOGRAM
Drawn by G. B. Stern

"'Monogram" is in three parts: "I have said that three times I will start from a casually selected object; draw three lines from three points and see then whether the space they enclose remains a vacuum, or whether anything of interest, any personal King Charles's head, has got itself involuntarily shut into the triangle." At first it looks as if the King Charles's head is going to be a literary allusion, a quotation, or a word—Miss Stern is particularly good on "lonely"—or even the letter M (which does, by mistake, get into the middle of a nominative "whoever"; F. P. A. please copy). It turns out otherwise, however. Miss Stern's King Charles's head is a serious matter, and she writes some of her best pages about it.

Incidentally, although she has a lot to say about names, and wonders that Jane Austen could call two of her own characters Jane, Miss Stern leaves to the reader all reflections about how it may feel to be a writer and have G. B. S. for a monogram.

Parasites in Paradise

IMPASSIONED PYGMIES. By Keith Winter. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS novel, which has its moments of brilliance and is always interesting, belongs to a class which in this age of little reticence becomes increasingly familiar. It is a story which has for hero a genius and for villain a group of pigmy men and women of letters who live with him and can hardly wait for his death in order to launch their spiteful biographies upon the world. It is a fair guess that D. H. Lawrence sat for the portrait of the genius and that his wife has served as a model for the friendly and understanding woman who sometimes seems to be the only sane person in the Mediterranean household where they all live and squabble together. It is another fair guess, though only a guess, that the popular and immensely successful playwright whose arrival in the Mediterranean Island sets up new jealousies of another type, owes something to Noel Coward and Sinclair Lewis, but here resemblance is unimportant.

Nor does this cleverly constructed story depend upon the clashing interests of a group of literary looters for its plot. The two sons of the novelist are fresh characters, and the older, who is the center of the plot, if not the reason for the novel, is an extraordinarily interesting character study of independence of mind. Indeed this is that rare thing, a truly sophisticated novel to be read with pleasure for its excellent style, its abundant dialogue, and its subtle studies of emotional attractions and repulsions. Furthermore, unlike many sophisticated novels, the conduct of its narrative is excellent. They speak of writers' novels; this is a readers' novel, if by reader can be meant one devoted to books and keenly interested in what goes on behind creative activity and the trade of writing.

KEITH WINTER

Whether "Impassioned Pygmies" has a broader appeal than this I rather doubt. It is a little brittle, and while the author evidently hoped to provide a successor to "South Wind," this novel, in spite of its rapid sequence of situation, does not go so deep nor so broad as that classic example of a gossip's book. It may be that the consciousness of who probably is meant by the characters interferes with an unrestrained pleasure in the island world that Mr. Winter has created for them. If so, these qualifications are unfair to the author. I think, however, that they are not unfair, and that the mixture of creation and imitation in this book does not quite make a homogeneous product. Yet whether gossip-satire or novel-with-source, Mr. Winter is good reading.

From Irving to Saroyan

THE BEDSIDE BOOK OF FAMOUS AMERICAN STORIES. Edited by Angus Burrell and Bennett A. Cerf. New York: Random House. 1936. $3.

THERE is good measure in this collection of sixty-seven stories varied enough in type to include "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "The Pit and the Pendulum," and "Marjorie Daw" at one end of the range and Dorothy Parker's "Big Blonde," William Faulkner's "A Rose for Emily," and William Saroyan's "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" at the other. The editors have shown taste, judgment, and acumen in their selection of tales. It goes without saying that any anthology must of necessity omit some stories which individual taste would prefer to others, but whatever tales are missing, no one can cavil at what "The Bedside Book" contains. It is an excellent book for the country house as well as the bedside table, —indeed, for any place or library.

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Peace and War in Dublin

HOLY IRELAND. By Norah Hoult. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCIS HACKETT

MISS NORAH HOULT has written a novel without mentioning Marx or homosexuality. The relation it traces between a young girl and her father could be accepted by a Freudian but on the surface nothing is further from modernity than this serene and revealing study of a Dublin home about 1898-1900. It no more disdains social detail than it discards insight into each character, and by this method the milieu of the substantial cattle-jobber is made thoroughly familiar, the exact color and tempo of middle-class life being unfailingly secured. The domineering father is a solid figure, squarely installed in the center of the household, with a kindly, temporizing wife and three subdued children. That Margaret, the elder daughter, should link herself to an obdurately Protestant minor civil servant who is rather a disciple of A. E., and should in the end defy her beloved father, is a drama as implicit as it is intense. The greatest achievement of the book is perhaps its equable manner, with judgment balanced between the Catholic domestic tyrant and the meek daughter who rebels. The method suits a story at once faithful to the commonplace and exquisitely redeemed from it, with the most rewarding tact in feeling and in words.

In placing the scene Miss Hoult is sometimes static, and in choosing the typical incident she sometimes forgets the insouciant novelty of real life. But "Holy Ireland" is all the more freshly revealing because it is the novel of a life seated in its certainties. The Dublin is her own—pungent yet conventional, sober yet salient, routine yet wholly inflected and personal. Its charm is not only in the innumerable happy incidents that carry the story forward, it is in the sensitiveness that gives the incidents their value. There is no clamor in the style, no false verve, but a steady concentration on the significances of a situation fully conceived and firmly advanced to its conclusion. It is a conclusion that may surprise many of those who are quick to see herd instinct in John Bull and slow to see it in his supposedly volatile neighbor, but no Irish novel exists that is more convincing in its version of the stubborn Irishman. He is seen at his best among the other cattle-buyers at the fair, massive and formidable precisely because inflexible.

"Holy Ireland" is a distinct achievement, rooted in intimacy, charming in its manner, solid in structure, and delicate in perception. The novels to develop from it should throw searching light on the new Ireland.

WE IN CAPTIVITY. By Kathleen Pawle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

THE author of this novel is described by her publishers as being English by birth and American by adoption, and further data would indicate that she is Irish by marriage, and that she has spent some time in Ireland. Further, in a prefatory note she expresses her indebtedness to "Dermot Darby for his hard and patient work in adapting the dialogue of various characters to the real Irish idiom; giving verisimilitude to Rochenoir and Moyrath, and by understanding editing, removing all trace of 'fiction Irish' from the novel." Miss Pawle, in brief, has been to some pains to give the proper note of authenticity to this novel of the Irish Insurrection of 1916. But the name of the Sinn Fein leader and poet, Thomas MacDonagh, is misspelled every time it occurs, and Miss Pawle has become so Americanized that she thinks that Irish people refer to places as being "on" a street, instead of in it. It is also strange that Blackrock College is transparently Gallicized as "Rochenoir."

On the whole, however, Miss Pawle is accurate in her local details, and it is not her fault if a certain air of artificiality, of make-believe, permeates the novel. The autochthonous note which is essential to such a story as she tries to tell, the note which gives flavor and vitality to the novels of Seán O'Faoláin and the short stories of Frank O'Connor, and even to the inferior work of Liam O'Flaherty, is sadly lacking. Although entirely free from the grotesque inaccuracies and absurdities of "Shake Hands With the Devil," this is the most unconvincing Irish novel I have read since Mr. Rearden Conner favored us with that abortive best-seller. Miss Pawle has read all the books necessary to evolve out of her own inner consciousness a number of composite pictures which have all the virtues and defects of a tabloid "composmograph." The reality must be something like that, but not quite.

This, for example, is the way in which Miss Pawle makes a Meath pedlar's daughter talk, when her old aunt is on her deathbed:

> "No, no. If you call the priest they'd run away an' let her go to Hell. Whisht now! They're comin' for her. They're comin' up the river in their golden ships with the purple sails an' they'll take her with them where she'll be young an' beautiful for ever. It's to Tir-na-n'ogue she's goin', the Land o' the Young, to our own country o' the dead Gaels that Patrick an' the priests tried to take from us with their Heaven an' Hell."

Her youthful companion, a boy of twelve, having protested that it was a mortal sin not to send for the priest, the two children proceed to make passionate love, the girl being naked, while her aunt trembles in rigor mortis. It is all very well, Miss Pawle, to recall the disputation between Ossian and Patrick, or to remind us of the fact that there is a "pagan" element in the Gael. But this expression of that concept is Hollywood, not County Meath.

The story which Miss Pawle relates is that of six boys at Blackrock (excuse me, Rochenoir) College who, under the domination of a most repulsive character, apparently the very pattern of modern Irish patriot, become involved in the

O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN. *From "A Wayfarer in Ireland" by Con O'Leary.*

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events of Easter, 1916. One of the boys, whose mother is English, and whose brother is killed in the war, joins up, despite the sneers and protests of the repulsive Healy aforesaid. When the Insurrection breaks out he is sent with his regiment to quell it, and he is naturally torn between his loyalty as a British officer and his allegiance to his Rochenoir friends. The author gives a more or less factual account of the Easter Week fighting, the shelling of Dublin, the looting, the unpopularity of the Rising at first, the executions, and the revulsion of feeling in favor of the Republicans. Five of the boys are situated in various centres which were actually strongholds of the insurrectionists, and their terror, exaltation, and hysteria are described.

As in "Shake Hands with the Devil" there is much glorification of gore. One of the boys shoots his friend for no reason at all. Another nobly substitutes himself for a married man with children and is executed in his stead, while the malignant Healy, having been permitted to escape by his friend the British officer, lies in wait for him and murders him as a traitor to Ireland. When the book closes the other murderer and the girl whom we encountered in the nude at her aunt's deathbed are escaping to America, she having facilitated the burning down of the castle where she was employed as a servant, and watched her employers being shot down in cold blood, despite all their kindness to her.

This bald outline does no injustice to Miss Pawle's story and is no more emotionless than her own treatment of her theme, for something seems to stand like an invisible veil between her and her characters. She has seen them from the outside, she has read of them and their kind, but she does not seem to me to get inside them. As a substitute for real life, she offers plenty of more or less purple passages, which are by way of conveying the glamor and mysticism of the Celt. I give an example chosen at random:

> Goddess of grief, *la belle dame sans merci*, calling to your sons until in mad surrender they give themselves to you for lovers. Enchanted Ireland! Are the druids your only masters? Is it to them you turn your brooding eyes? Is it the memory of their fires that warms your feet at Pascal time, and their bodies which return to you on Hallowe'en? Ancient Ireland, do you care nothing for sacrifice, thinking only of the spells of the High Priests, laughing at Patrick's shamrock, waiting only for their return?

It should be added that, by way of comic relief, Miss Pawle can echo scenes from Sean O'Casey, and she so far pays tribute to Joyce as to choose Christmas Day precisely in order to stage a violent family dispute about Parnell. I think the scene is more authentic in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." In fact, the entire novel has been better written by other hands.

Five Keys to Character

THE ANATOMY OF PERSONALITY. By Howard W. Haggard, M.D. & Clements C. Fry, M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

DRS. HAGGARD and Fry offer a clarifying contribution to a variously confused subject. The volume presents a thesis of major significance, and minor qualities that add to its commendability. Its primary merit is its plain-spoken and emphatic position that the clue to personality is first, last, and in between the individual hereditary endowment. We are and remain as we are conceived.

What is patent in our bodily features, we hesitate to recognize in our psychic composition, through a mistaken fear that such admission is incompatible with democratic principles. The figure of the benevolent politician proclaiming that in God's own country, the humblest lad has the same chance (or runs the same danger) of becoming President, overshadows the calm conclusions of the scientist that men are born most unequal, and remain so. A more disturbing authority within the guild is or was that of the papal behaviorist, who flooded the educational market a dozen years ago with rivers of talk and volumes of evidence that by proper conditioning any mill-run specimen of the human species could be reared to any profession or station. Befuddled parents went in heavily for modernistic, behavioristic upbringing, and editors of popular magazines spread the gospel to eager readers. Protesting voices were dated as conservative fogies, until in due course the tumult and the shouting died, and children were as perverse and parents as troubled, or confiding, as ever.

Drs. Haggard and Fry restore the perspective of sanity, and counsel democracy to make its terms with truth. "The basic qualities are inborn, unchanging; they are a part of the human constitution. They are the same in any environment, in all environments. . . . Character can be shaped only within the limits of the inherent qualities of the particular personality."

With the foundations safely grounded, the quintuplets of personality are presented as *physique, impulse, temperament, intelligence,* and *ego.* When individuality comes upon the scene, foreshadowing the complexities of the ego, impulse fuses with temperament and is guided by intelligence.

Temperament is the great continent of personality, by virtue of emotional dominance in all behavior; and the emotionalized ego is its capital. This conclusion justifies the perspective of the book, which is in the main an engaging assembly of case-histories, presented as types. The modern scientist brings into line the determination of physique, which now appears with abundant documentation in the pyknic and the leptosome. The rotundity of Pickwick and Falstaff, the lean, tall angularity of Calvin make the anatomy of their personality. The general reader sees life through the concrete reality of recognizable portraits. Their contours are inevitably pointed and colorings heightened, but with the veracity of the biologist, not of the dramatist.

DR. HOWARD W. HAGGARD
Drawing by Deane Keller.

Contrasts in physique and temperament are further confirmed in that the two great orders of mental illness—the manic-depressives with their wide mood-swings from excitement to depression, and the schizophrenics with their withdrawal to private worlds of aloofness and fantasy, correlate with types of physique. We use and lose the balance of our minds partly by the dictates of corporeal form.

In fine, there is a notable thesis and a series of engaging illustrations in this significant volume, which jointly lead to a fairer, keener knowledge of ourselves and the varieties of our fellow-men. As to precept, it is centered in two articles of the "Know Thyself" platform; understanding and control. You cannot alter your personality, but you can go far in directing and controlling its expressions. Such is the gospel of character, with conditioning of the manifestation of impulse properly reduced to its function and not expanded into a shallow panacea. Similarly, the insight that may be found in Freud and Jung and Adler is accepted and their extravagances declined. In view of the many false and strident claimants to the possession of the keys of personality, this sober and sound contribution is welcome as a wholesome corrective.

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"Fine Writing"

PEARSALL SMITH, our distinguished expatriate, has been upholding for years the cause of pure English in London, both in the tracts of the S. P. E. and in his own admirable prose, examples of which *The Saturday Review* has from time to time presented to its readers. In the latest pamphlet of the Society of Pure English (No. XLVI) he harnesses irony to a beautiful analysis and pursues through twenty-four pages the moderns who have tried to end once for all the art of poetic prose.

"Fine Writing" is his title but it is defense not an attack. His subject is not the fine writing of the half-educated—ornate, oratorical, inaccurate, but rather that art of a beautiful prose, a true poesy, which has always, until today, been the pride of those to whom English is native. Brushing aside the arbitrary definitions of poetry as an appeal to the imagination and prose as an appeal to the reason he urges with wit and irony our modern realists to remember that there is an English prose which has for centuries stirred what he calls the imaginative reason, a prose rhythmical but not metrical, gorgeous in vocabulary, suggestive, flexible, adapted to that middle sphere where the reason transcends its own limitations without losing touch with the solid ground of logical thought. It is a sphere to which verse never rises, though great poetry, requiring a stricter form for its more intense expressiveness, may go higher. It is the local habitation of the splendid rhythms of the Authorized Version, of the "Urn Burial," of "Arabia Deserta," of Lamb at his best. And even the now neglected Pater, and the discredited Ruskin, and the intemperate Carlyle could reach and be at home there, although it must be admitted that the two great moralist Victorians too often used their franchise for tub thumpings rightly offensive to our chaster ears.

Pearsall Smith would have us write like Swift whenever possible. He is not against terse and reasoned simplicity. He prefers it when it is the reason, not the imagination, which is to be stirred. But he suggests ironically that only those can write like Swift who could if they willed use English for more imaginative purposes. The flat H. G. Wellsism of modern newspaper prose is sub-Swiftian. It is a sterile instrument for literature, no matter how useful in the ever-extending Great Plains of journalism. But, he asks, are we to have no cakes and ale? Is all reading to be flattened to the accuracies of science, because science is just now trying to control (and a pretty mess it is making of it!) the world. Are there, he says, quoting Bacon, to be no gardens which " 'keep the privilege of the Golden Age; they ever flourish and are in league with Time'; though they lie remote indeed from the market-place where the books of the year are sold in large editions?"

One can hear the harsh laughter of the Leftist writers looking up from the social content of their plays and novels to sneer at such triviality. Triviality is the word they use to discredit all such leaguing with Time. With the middle class as a subject for literature giving way to the proletariat, just as the aristocracy gave way to the middle class two centuries earlier, this talk of gardens of the muses seems to them like the twirl of a cane and the glint of a silk hat in a street of the slums. Trivial, disregardful of realities, bourgeois, genteel!

These names are only words. What we face today in the new disdain of everything not dialectic, materialistic, and ideological, or familiar, lucid, and cheap, is just another illiberality, an attempted dictatorship of writing for the benefit of a social idea. Civilization, as Mr. Lindeman implies in his analysis of Foundations reviewed last week, has outrun culture. The process for the time being has got ahead of its ends. The machine has distanced its master. We are ready to dump what has for centuries been regarded as the salutary tonic of beauty because the beauty of our poetic prose is not useful in describing a strike or narrating a success story for the bourgeoisie of *The Saturday Evening Post*. "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is as strong as death; jealousy is as cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame," was not written for a Confession Magazine; nor is "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep" good Marxian ideology. Yet in my Father's house are many mansions, not all of which, one guesses, have been reserved for the workers and the propagandists, though they deserve more than were allotted to them in the past. Shakespeare is being read again in Russia, better perhaps than in New York.

But Pearsall Smith is unjust to his own country. "From the point of view of Style," he exclaims, "that whole Continent could sink beneath the sea and never leave a ripple!" He has forgotten much since he went to England. Thoreau, for example, whose terse beauty appeals to the imaginative reason with a directness which the cloudy Victorians never achieved. But it may be that he speaks of the present. In which case, let him read Hemingway at his best (only at his best). Those chopped rhythms and sinewy words are in the true tradition of a prose that is not content, like the French, with atticism, a "light, clear, delicate equality, without emphasis or sparkle." Or let him lift, if he has patience, the strands of poetic prose from Thomas Wolfe's rhapsodies of the ego. He will find there the old Anglo-Saxon urge to make a prose a vessel for the emotions, rather than merely a reporter's or a logician's instrument.

The truth is that style is always in league with Time, a phrase that has an ambiguous meaning, for it indicates, very clearly, both the undeniable and necessary conditioning of prose to the needs of a new ideology, and also the escape from such limitations of those who refuse to believe that everything is trivial which does not serve uplift, reform, revolution, or the instruction or the amusement of the masses. For Time itself is ambiguous, signifying both the present and also that complex of past, present, and possible future in which great literature has so often found its greatest themes.

Spring and Garden Books From the blossoms of Herrick to the "cherry hung with snow" of Housman, delightful verse has welcomed the flowers' return. But few poets have been horticultural authorities. Naturally a poet can record the dancing of daffodils, for instance, in a way that makes unnecessary his credentials as botanist. But garden enthusiasts will also welcome this season the wealth of practical garden books from many authors.

Ten Years Ago

"A Deputy Was King," the second of G. B. Stern's novels about the Rakonitz family, was published in 1926 and reviewed in this magazine by Leonard Bacon. "*Though her new book perhaps has not the grandeur of conception of 'The Matriarch,'*" wrote Mr. Bacon in his review, "*it makes up for the lack by deeper and more brilliant coloring, and by a subtlety in the analysis and synthesis of character which is beyond praise.*"

Today

G. B. Stern's latest book is a volume of reminiscences, "Monogram," reviewed on page 5 of this issue. "*I have said,*" writes Miss Stern, "*that three times I will start from a casually selected object; draw three lines from three points and see then whether . . . any personal King Charles's head has got itself involuntarily shut into the triangle.*"

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Letters to the Editor: *The Obligations of Authors to Readers*

Can You Write?

SIR:—Probably many subscribers to the *S. R. L.* enjoy as I do the provocative quality of its editorials. "Can You Read?" in the issue of February twenty-second has moved me to the point of making a Yankee reply, "Can You Write?" Do circumstances not warrant your asking such a question of authors as a corollary to your challenge to readers? The tide of "taking everything at second-hand" might be partially stemmed by more intellectual effort on the part of writers. If they had been producing pithy, vigorous, lucid prose on subjects of widespread interest, the establishment of a "Laboratory in Readability" would be of less significance than it now is. Professor Bryson's enterprise will perform a needed service if it focuses the attention of authors and publishers on the tastes and interests of a neglected portion of the reading public. Teachers write text-books on their subjects for classroom use; specialists address themselves in print to "the man in the street." Both types of books give proof that many of these writers must acquire more mastery of language before their pages will yield profit to the lay reader. No thoughtful person denies the right of the literary artist to use his medium in whatever way seems best to him. But in the matter of expository prose a reader expects clarity in expression and a certain degree of terseness. Difficulties in comprehension which arise from ambiguity or redundancy in an author's style—to cite two common defects—are due to faulty production and should not be laid at the consumer's door. There is some evidence that the inert reader may exist because of the inept author.

ALICE G. HIGGINS.

New Brunswick, N. J.

William Cullen Bryant's Letters

SIR:—I am at present at work at Columbia University on an edition of the correspondence of William Cullen Bryant, with the authorization of the Bryant heirs. I shall be grateful to any people who have or know of letters by or to William Cullen Bryant, if they will communicate with me at the address below.

EDWARD G. BERNARD.

60 W. 55th St.,
New York City.

Vermouth and Spirits

SIR:—I would like to rise to the defense of the Martini & Rossi advertisement, commented on by Christopher Morley in your issue of February 22nd.

We prepared the advertisement and can vouch for the fact that this photograph actually was taken in Bombay, that it showed an actual Mohammedan, and he was actually drinking Martini & Rossi Vermouth.

In extenuation of this mortal sin, it should be noted that vermouth is not a spirit, but a fortified wine like sherry or port. We are reliably informed that it is not unusual for Mohammedans to use alcohol even though their religion does forbid it. But this is not really surprising when one reflects how many American Baptists drink Martinis.

FREDERICK ANDERSON.

Richardson, Alley & Richards Co.,
New York City.

"IT'S THE KIND OF BOOK THAT MAKES YOU THINK, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN."

Comte's Letters

SIR: I should be grateful for information relating to letters written from 1851 to 1857 by Auguste Comte, founder of the Positivist Philosophy, to the following Americans: Professor George Frederick Holmes, of Virginia; the Reverend John McClintock, editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* and President of Drew Theological Seminary; Horace Binney Wallace and John William Wallace, of Philadelphia; Professor William Mitchell Gillespie, of Union College, Schenectady, New York; James O'Connell, author of "Vestiges of Civilization," Henry Edger, of Modern Times, Thompson Station, Long Island; John Metcalf, of New York City; and H. Ewerbeck, of Illinois.

RICHMOND L. HAWKINS.

Widener 176,
Cambridge, Mass.

The Hudson Highlands

SIR: We are preparing a detailed study of the botanical succession in the upper Hudson Highlands with particular reference to the composition of the forest types at the time of the first settlements. Having this in hand, we plan to work out to what extent, and in what manner, man's occupancy has altered this original composition.

There is a marked dearth of source material hereabouts. We should greatly appreciate it if any of your readers can refer us to any early (or recent) books of travel, history, or to botanical papers which might yield pertinent data. It will of course help if correspondents will advise us where their reference material is located.

HENRY H. TRYON,
Director.

The Black Rock Forest,
Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Erratum

SIR:—Under the heading "The Beginnings of Modern Europe" you review a book by Edward P. Cheney. Can it be that someone is writing in so nearly the same field and, to judge by the review, so nearly the same style, with so nearly the same name as Edward P. Cheyney, author of "The European Background of American History," in the American Nation series, the Lowell Lectures on "Modern English Reform," the group of addresses collected under the title "Law in History," and the "Industrial and Social History of England"—all in line with the interests of the present work as described in the review?

ELEANOR FAHEY.

Washington, D. C.

The editors are glad to correct the unfortunate error. "The Beginnings of Modern Europe" is the work of Edward P. Cheyney, whose name was spelled incorrectly in our review of February 22.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Briefcase

ODD, the casual remarks one happens to remember—sayings that the sayers themselves never intended for preservation. When I sit down to a stint of writing I almost always think of a day in London when several of us were planning an expedition to some remote pub. The question was being discussed when and where to meet. "You must allow me," said H. M. T., "two hours to get my piece done for the paper."

And that quite incidental comment by B. F. once when we were mumbling together about some of the more obvious and unanimous grievances of existence. He said: "It's because we all lead such unnatural lives." He would be surprised (bless his heart) if he knew how often that has come back to sting the mind.

There was W. S. H.'s story of the man at ease in a barber's chair, demulsified under hot towels and lotions. Into the shop came a boy shouting: "Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Schmidt, your house is on fire!" Horrified, the customer leaps from the chair, snatches off the apron, and speeds wildly up the street, without collar or coat, weaving through the crowd. After three or four blocks of agonized running he suddenly stops and cries out, "What the deuce am I doing?" (Here W. S. H. snaps his fingers beautifully, to express perplexity). "My name isn't Schmidt."

I thought this was just a comic story until I realized, quite a while later, how perfect a parable of my own absurdities. How much of my precious time and energy I've spent running to someone else's fire. Hurrying about concerns not really my own; conflagrations for which I didn't give a damn.

Nothing ever cheers or enlivens me more than a talk with my old friend F. T., superdubious Republican and lumber merchant whom I sometimes see on the 5 p. m. train to Long Island. His job gets him up very early in the morning, so unless there is a chance of congenial raillery he prefers to sleep on the homeward trip. He does so, deeply but warily, knowing by instinct to awake at the station before his own. If I sit with him, he delights me with the humors of Schopenhauer. In the long run, he says, what does it matter? The earth is cooling off; eventually the the moon will fall into it, or the next meteorite will be better aimed. He is refreshingly sardonic on many subjects: war (of which he saw plenty), European politics, Democratic pork, cold winters, women as drivers.—But pretty soon now he will haul out his cruiser for painting and there will be a different man.

I get off the train before he does and walk up the hill much quickened by his alkaline mood.

Presumably it *doesn't* matter, in the long run; but we mostly steadfastly act on the Vaihinger doctrine, *Als Ob*—as if it did. (Can anyone tell us a lot about Vaihinger; I mean, the sort of things that happened to him to make him think as he did? Can that be told of any philosopher?) I shall continue to turn out of my way on the street to see the shape of some particularly amusing nose; and to believe that laughter is longevitous. The other day, when Bill and Eddie and I had had lunch together, Bill suddenly, on the street, into a romantic soliloquy of Eddie's, interjected a deplorable, obscene word. Bill and I roared and screamed with laughter, the more savory because of Eddie's look of pained and gentlemanly dismay. Even as I shouted with abominable mirth I was thinking *This will stop soon, one can't laugh very long; what a pity.* But it was a valuable incident; I shall never be able to go along that particular bit of 41st Street without thinking of it. Indeed, I may go there on purpose to remember it.

It would be a pity not to quote again, every so often, Hobbes's immortal passage (*Leviathan*, chapter 6):—

"Sudden Glory is the passion which maketh those Grimaces called Laughter; and is caused either by some sudden act of their own, that pleaseth them; or by the apprehension of some deformed thing in another, by comparison whereof they suddenly applaud themselves."

It is notable that Hobbes three times uses the word *sudden*.

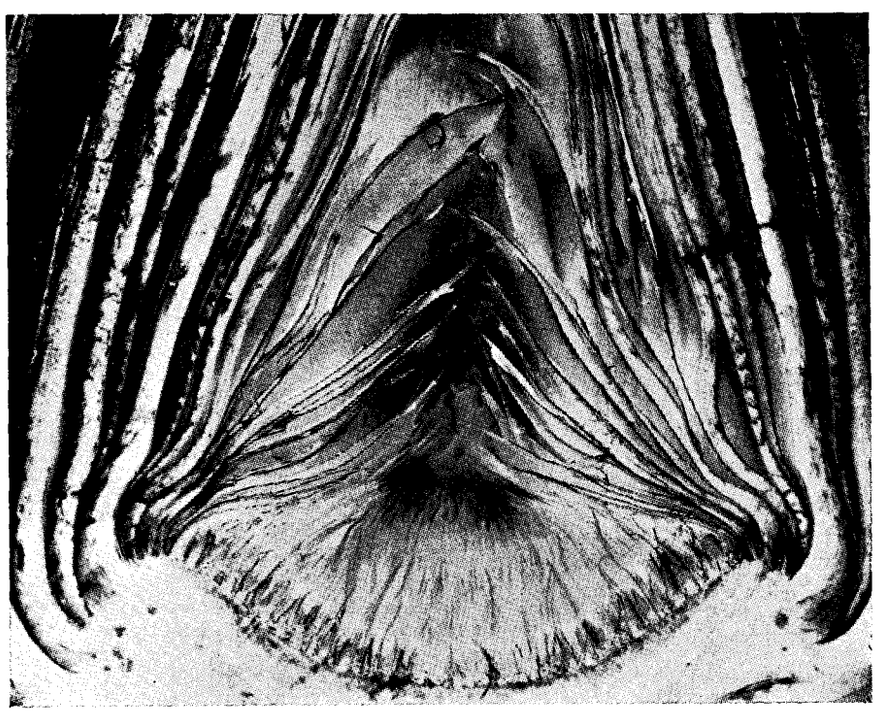
The only other deep statement about laughter that ever stuck in my mind was G. K. Chesterton's division of all subjects of mirth into three:—foreigners, bodily prostrations, and strong cheese.

One of the pleasantest surprises is when you find a man thinking quite differently from the way you might expect him to think. This happens fairly often among men—but oh how rarely in newspapers.

Speaking of philosophers, one of the most unlikely things imaginable is the statement on the jacket of Santayana's fine book *The Last Puritan* that when he gave his closing lecture at Harvard his students applauded him "for twenty minutes." (*I should love to hear his own comment on that.*)

I'd think less of Santayana's writings if I believed that possible; his work is not in the mood of a political convention; and applause that lasts more than (let us say) 2 or 3 minutes is not applause but hysteria.

I saw Niagara Falls just at the end of the Great Freeze. The river was breaking through the huge masses of ice. On the edge of Goat Island, overhanging the very lip of the fall (bearded with great rolls and organ-pipes of ice) you stand aghast; the path itself is glossy with fro-



ARTICHOKE HALVED. *Photo by Edward Weston.*

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zen mist and slopes anxiously outward; only a meagre fence of three widely spaced rails stands between you and the persuasions of gravity. The cold green torrent runs fatally swift, almost plucking at your feet. A small faded sign, tilted askew outside the railing, says in straggly letters DANGER. I thought it the most magnificent understatement I'd ever seen. That's artistic restraint.

After a long day's work going over the year's accounts and figuring the elementary but sobering mathematics of the Income Tax, and then copying it all out again on the Green Slip, the mind can discover a sort of dim comedy even in Instruction 27, Affidavits. *The joint return of husband and wife* (it says) *must be signed by both spouses and sworn to by the spouse preparing the return. If the return is prepared by both spouses, or is prepared by neither spouse, then both spouses must swear. . . .* No one can endure without twinges of idiocy such repetition of the grotesque word *spouses*. Even my woolgathering friend the Swiss pastor felt its absurdity when he said "The plural of spouse is spice."

The Green Slip I am most interested in is the one Long Island is now putting on. On the date of this issue spring is officially here. The snow is all melted, frogs whistling, and the old gray boulder in the garden has reappeared from drifts. What a curious pleasure there is in looking at anything that has been in the same place for a long time—*always* as far as our relative reckoning carries.

But winter (now it can be told) had its moments too. There was one cold afternoon on Munsey Hill, near Manhasset, when the sun was setting a clear scarlet disk but misted by gusts of dry snow-dust blown across the ridge. Not important, but pleasant to remember. "Let saints have their Eternity if we can have our Moments."

On the back of a letterhead of the Thomas Paine Bicentennial Committee, which plans a monument to Paine in Paris in 1937, I found several interesting quotations. This in particular, which Joseph Lewis, secretary of the committee, says is from Paine's *Prospects on the Rubicon*, 1787:—

"War involves in its progress such a train of unforeseen and unsupposed circumstances that no human wisdom can calculate the end. It has but one thing certain, and that is to increase taxes."

Does anyone ever think of the poems that would have been written, by now, by the poets who were killed in the last War? Perhaps someone might try to write some of them.

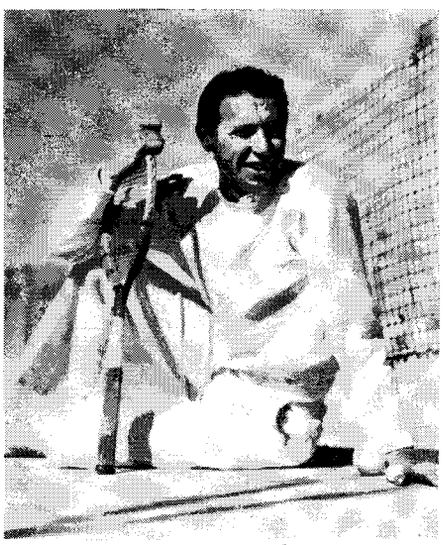
We have a communication here for Mr. Garnett Laidlaw Eskew, a contributor of charming verses to this Green a number of years ago. Will he, or any friend of his who happens to see this note, kindly send us his address?

Americans on the Move

MAIN LINE WEST. By Paul Horgan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE author in his dedication calls our American West the land of beginnings. Of his young hero he says, "The land as he knew it was always moving because he was always moving." The American who moves on is perhaps our most characteristic type. That is the way these United States that we love and curse came into being, through men who moved on.



Ben Ames

PAUL HORGAN

Mr. Horgan's story begins in Kansas, with a buggy driving along a road between wheatfields in the rain. In it is Daniel's father, a complacent devil-of-a-fellow commercial traveller. And this is the way he happens on the Kinneymans and his future wife. The early part of the book tells of his struggle against "getting hooked" by a woman, his surrender, his desertion of his wife and unborn son in Coronilla, California. After that the story is of Irma's efforts and of the young Danny growing up. The most exciting episode of his early youth involves a grim adventure, shared with a boy chum, with two hoboes, one a fearsome sadist. Mr. Horgan has the power of making this episode almost unbearably sinister. Real terror is conveyed. And the effects of the boys' enforced secrecy is excellently presented.

Irma is a real character too, with, somehow, a slight touch of such a woman—though the opposite in original vocation—as Barry Benefield portrayed in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie." She is entirely real up to a point, even when she starts out evangelizing. Then one naturally wonders whether she is going to turn into a sort of Aimee Semple McPherson. She doesn't. But the late Great War comes along and her passion for peace leads to her martyrdom. Involved in this is a slimy character, Brother Trainor, who is certainly one of the most loathsome objects any recent novelist has portrayed, although the conductor on the final train journey runs him a close second. But it is just here, in the book's third and fourth sections, called "The Spirit" and "The Power," that Mr. Horgan does not succeed in evading the melodramatic. His hatred of mob spirit and of all sorts of cruelty leads him into garish writing. During the war there were, of course, many glaring cruelties practised; and the events he narrates are wholly possible. It is his way of presenting them that gradually raises a nagging doubt in the sympathetic reader's mind. As I have said, he has power over horror—the train trip in which the mother is dying is almost unbearable in its depiction of crying injustice. But to my mind he overplays his hand here. It is hard to say just how; but the impression remains.

In spite of this, and in spite of the lack of any particular style, Mr. Horgan is a strong and vivid novelist. A much more minor criticism would be of his typographical presentation of colloquial speech. There is a little too much of the interlarded apostrophe to denote the slurring (that amounts to skipping) of words.

The story ends with the rootless Danny escaping by himself to farther horizons. The interest of the book made me sit up late with it. I hope Mr. Horgan will dig deeper into Western America. He has an eye for its significant material.

First Flight

THE HILL. By Eleanor Green. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.

THIS small book (it falls into some intermediate category other than the novel) represents a feeling-out toward life of the sensitive antennae of youth. Vinnie thinking on her hill, overlooking the family picnic party, brushes their lives with a moth's wing of discovery and speculation. The characters introduced in reminiscence are various. The little boy weeping for his rabbit, the story of Harrit and her lover, are extraordinary in their compression and understanding.

This is Miss Green's tentative first flight. But it is obvious in her observation of the tragi-comedy in most people, as well as in her inborn adroitness of writing, that her work, if she persists, will be of distinguished quality. There is a bloom on this book, a quality as evanescent as dew or frost. And the author has the poet's mastery of condensation. The background for "The Hill," she tells us, is the country around Portage, Wisconsin—"but not the people. They are my own." "The Hill" is an intensely feminine book of real beauty.

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The Garden and Literature

THE STANDARD CYCLOPEDIA OF HORTICULTURE. By L. H. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. 3 vols. $15.

THE GARDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by E. L. D. Seymour, B. S. A. New York: William H. Wise & Co. 1936. $4.

THE GARDEN DICTIONARY: an Encyclopedia of practical Garden Management and Landscape Design. Edited by Norman Taylor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $16.25.

Reviewed by MARION PARRIS SMITH

THE tradition of the garden as a setting for dramatic episode is very ancient. Passing over the Garden of Eden which witnessed the unique tragedy of the Fall of Man, the Hortus Inclusus of Solomon's Song, the Persian Garden where in the Fires of Spring are flung the Garments of Repentence, we come to the Garden of the Hesperides, planted on the Lost Atlantis, which Henry Osborn Taylor tells us "has piqued curiosity for two thousand years." The frontispiece of my childhood copy of "The Thousand and One Nights," made it clear that those tales, though full of garden scenes, were recited on a four-post canopy bed, almost identical with my grandmother's. But the next greatest collection of stories was told in a Fiesole garden while the plague raged below in Florence. I feel sure that learned doctors' theses have been written on "The Garden Setting in Shakespeare" (if not, they will appear after this review is published!) and of these I am ignorant, but in a garden "in such a night as this . . . did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well." In a garden, did Olivia mock the "sad and civil" Malvolio, "cross-gartered in yellow," and in a garden, or plesaunce, "with a palace in it," the whole merry comedy of "Love's Labour's Lost" was enacted.

Posterity may look back on the winter of 1935-36 as the coldest since 1492, or as the season which saw the Supreme Court pulverize the Agricultural Adjustment Act, or as the year of the three garden encyclopedias! If we have lost the Triple A, we have gained the Triple E. The very profusion of publication seems to indicate that Spring is coming and that the Depression is going.

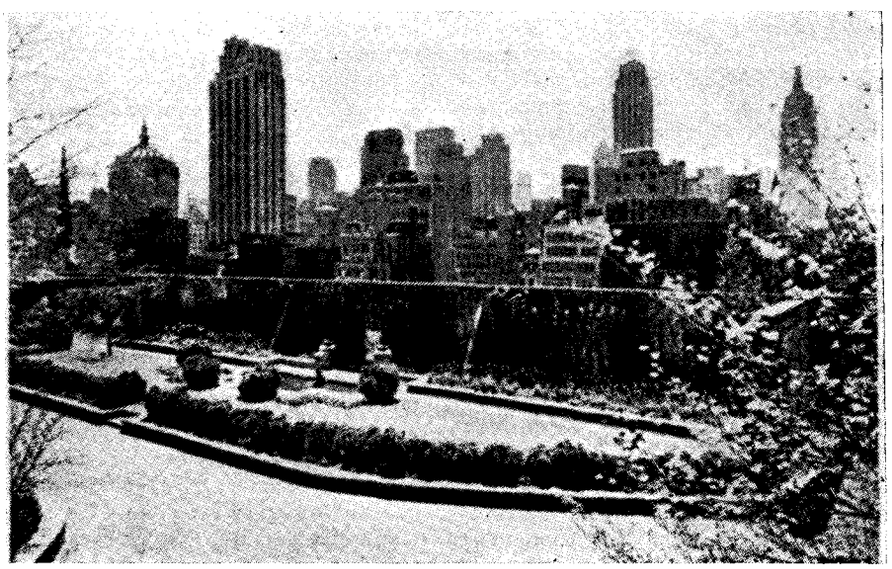
Obviously the three compilations deal with the same material; plants cultivated in gardens. But their scope is not identical and they serve varying purposes. "Bailey's Cyclopedia" has been the "Bible and Britannica of garden folk" since it was first published in six volumes in 1900. The revised version, compressed into three volumes, appeared in 1914, of which this is a reissue. The price is reduced from twenty-five dollars to fifteen dollars with no corresponding cheapening of printing, paper, or plates, which are excellent. Its twofold purpose, of plant identification and cultural direction, is carried out in some 40,000 detailed descriptions of plants, and in hundreds of technical articles written by horticultural experts. Plants from all parts of the world are described, though the emphasis is laid on the horticulture of North America. The information is designed for professional and commercial growers as well as for amateurs. It remains after thirty-six years a standard and indispensable work of reference.

"The Garden Encyclopedia" is generally useful, is designed for amateurs, and aims to give information on the materials, means, methods, and background of gardening. It describes some 5,000 species of plants and contains cultural directions which are clear, condensed, and adequate. Paper, print, and plates are good. "The Garden Dictionary" includes the same general subject matter as the other two, but as the title implies, lays special stress on nomenclature. It is particularly useful for its precise listing of common names, scientific names, brief definitions of terms, and elaborate cross references. There are some 7,000 entries in these categories as compared with over 1,300 listed in "The Garden Encyclopedia." Its forty-eight State maps, showing zones of hardiness, are invaluable and many of its plates are artistic as well as original.

Comparisons are peculiarly odious among three such useful and admirable works. The writer of this article was capable of turning the 5796 pages under review and of looking at the illustrations, but a stern time limit prevented anything but a sampling of the articles, and strictly practical interests determined the samples chosen. Comparing the directions for "dormant spray for San José scale," "Preparing the Cold Frame," "Pruning Grape Vines," "Care of House Plants," "Constructing a Lily Pool," etc., etc., and a much longer list of plant descriptions and miscellaneous items, something like the following comparative estimate might be made. The articles in "Bailey" are the longest, the fullest, the most technical, but for the amateur, not always the clearest. In each of the other two works the cultural directions are adequate. The charts and plates are better in the "Dictionary" and the planting directions somewhat easier to follow in "The Garden Encyclopedia."

Defects exist in all three, though they are mostly sins of omission. The arrangement of subject matter is, of course, alphabetical, but "Bailey's" choice of titles is somewhat arbitrary, the index is far from satisfactory, and it often takes appreciable time to find the information desired. But the most serious lack in all three works is of biographical and bibliographical data. "Bailey" gives brief biographies of 160 Americans under "Horticulturists," but includes no foreigners. In very many instances, he indicates in parentheses the name, dates, and nationality of botanists for whom species have been named. He has a brief, inadequate note on Herbals, and a good check-list of periodicals and of American horticultural books, but only occasional references are made to foreign literature. "The Garden Dictionary" gives a much shorter list of periodicals and books, also limited to America; it cites many botanists for whom species have been named, but usually without dates. "The Garden Encyclopedia" contains no biographical or bibliographical material. In view of the very great interest nowadays in the history and literature of gardening, and in the lives of plant hunters and of botanical and horticultural pioneers, the scanty and defective information included in these latest works is disappointing.

An adequate review should aid the



Wendell MacRae

AN ENGLISH GARDEN ON A NEW YORK ROOF

Pictures on pages 12 and 13 from "Gardens and Gardening" (Studio).

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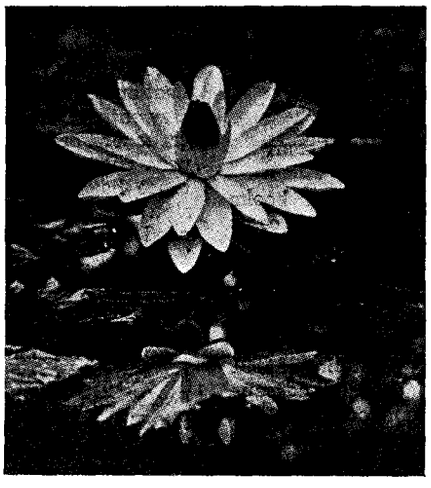
reader in making an intelligent choice of books. To which of these beauties shall the apple be given? "Bailey's Cyclopedia" is a standard reference book and should be in every public library, in every Garden Club, and on the shelves of all amateurs who have fifteen good dollars to expend. The real difficulties of choice lie between the other two. For the student of botany who is also a practical gardener, "The Garden Dictionary" is probably the more valuable work. For the practical gardener, who is only incidentally a student, "The Garden Encyclopedia" presents its information in a somewhat simpler form.

But the botanist and the dirt gardener are far from being the only ones to profit from these valuable books. The house is not only interesting to the architect and the builder, but also to the literary artist who sees in it the setting for an episode in his drama, and who studies architecture and building to get his details right, as he studies tide-tables and the phases of the moon for his marine novel, or time-tables or European railway connections for a mystery story. The garden likewise has its place in literature as background, setting, décor. Why is it not then as important for the author to get his horticultural data as accurate as his architectural or nautical facts? And is it not as great an anachronism to make the colchicum bloom in the spring and the witch-hazel come out with the pussy-willow as to describe an evening scene with the crescent moon rising in the East? If the answer be affirmative, then these Encyclopedias of Horticulture should offer vast and varied source material for the *Comédie Humaine*.



NYMPHÆA W. B. SHAW
From the Garden of Dr. Horace McFarland, Harrisburg, Pa.

It is the novelists who have used the garden most effectively. In "a pretty-ish kind of a little wilderness on one side of the lawn," near the hermitage and just beyond the copse, there was fought, some time before Waterloo, one of the decisive battles of the world, in which all the honors of war were carried off by Elizabeth Bennet, and from which Lady Catherine retreated in disorder. "I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother. You deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased." It was during a day's visit to Mr. Rushworth's estate at Sotherton, to see the garden in its ancient glory before it fell under the renovating hand of Repton, that commenced that perverse quartet of flirtations that was to end in Maria's downfall and to cause Fanny Price so many tears. And it was at Mr. Knightley's strawberry picnic at Donwell Abbey, "its ample gardens stretching down to meadows washed by a stream . . . its abundance of timber in rows and avenues, which neither fashion nor extravagance had rooted up" over which the newly married Mrs. Elton, "in all her apparatus of happiness, her large bonnet and her basket," claimed to be "lady patroness," that Emma's resentment was so provoked, and where Jane Fairfax and Frank had their crucial misunderstanding.

When not in parsonages or in mysterious country houses, Brontë heroines were apt to wander over moors, and Mrs. Gaskell's pleasant girls to stroll in fields and lanes, but with Trollope, the garden is as indespensable as the drawing-room or the hunting-field. It was in a Barchester garden "in a walk nearly enveloped by shrubs" that Mr. Slope, who had supped unwisely on champagne, contrived to pass his arm around Eleanor Bolt's waist when, "quick as thought she raised her hand and dealt him a box on the ear with such right good will, that it sounded among the trees like a miniature thunder clap."

Garden walls (Garden Dictionary 852) had a particular appeal for Dickens. At West Gate House Establishment for Young Ladies Sam Weller gave Mr. Pickwick that "gentle push . . . over the wall on to the bed beneath, where, after crushing three gooseberry-bushes and a rose tree, he finally alighted at full length." It was over a garden wall, outside of Bristol, that Mr. Winkle climbed, assisted again by Sam, to throw himself at Arabella Allen's feet. And it was over a garden wall that the eccentric old gentleman next door tossed cucumbers and vegetable marrows (*cucumis sativis* and *cucurbito pepo*) at Mrs. Nickleby and subsequently "called, gently proposing marriage and an elopement." In the Dream Garden where, as in Peter Ibbetson's Passy, "roses, nasturtiums, and convolvulvus, wall-flowers, marygolds, and sunflowers, dahlias and pansies and hollyhocks and poppies . . . all bloomed at once, irrespective of time and season."

"The Garden Encyclopedia" has an admirable article on "Color in Gardens," and the "Dictionary" has essays on "The White Garden" and "The Red Garden,"

BAPTISTA AUSTRALIS WITH DELPHINIUMS
Photos on this page by J. Horace McFarland Co.

but in the Queen's Croquet Ground "the roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners . . . busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing," but no more curious (or "curiouser") than the presence of exceedingly intelligent insects and caterpillars (Bailey 1042), or of flowers, which like the Tiger-lily (*Lilium tigrium*) informed Alice "we can talk . . . when there is any one worth talking to."

Like Trollope, our reigning toast, Miss Dorothy Sayers, stages her latest tragicomedy in a cloistered garden, and like Dickens, she is partial to the garden wall as an obstacle to free intercourse. It is in the Fellows' Garden of Shrewsbury College that the woman with the lean and hungry look grips young Lord St. George by the arm and says "here we murder beautiful boys like you and eat their hearts out"; and it is in and out of its bushes and shrubs that flits the Poltergeist.

In recent novels, corpses have been buried in rose gardens (Bailey 3014), under crazy pavements, and (in a garden in the suburbs of Chicago) in a clump of rhododendrons (loc. cit. 2030). The unaccountable fading of a sturdy hybrid tea rose awakened suspicions in the mind of a horticulturally inclined police inspector, and a man was led to the gallows. Also, incriminating evidence, such as wedding-rings, pistols, and coils of wire have been thrown into lily-pools and garden tanks. Now crazy pavements (Dic. 517) and lily pools (Gar. Ency. 539) may be constructed anywhere, but rhododendrons will not flourish in a limestone country, and a properly constructed rose-bed is about the most difficult place in the world for the hasty disposal of a body. It is errors like these that a careful reading of garden encyclopedias would obviate.

Marion Parris Smith is head of the department of economics at Bryn Mawr College. She has long been interested in botany and has a valuable collection of old herbal and garden works . . . Other reviews of garden books appear on pages 14 and 16 of this issue.

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Tastes in Horticulture

FOUR SEASONS IN YOUR GARDEN. By John C. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1936. $2.50.

GARDENS AND GARDENING. New York: Studio Publications. 1936. $4.50.

GARDEN DESIGN OF TODAY. By Percy S. Cane. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $4.50.

THE NEW GARDEN. By Richard Sudell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $2.

AMERICAN FERNS. By Edith A. Roberts and Julia R. Laurence. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.50.

HOW TO MAKE GARDEN POOLS. By William Longyear. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $1.

HOW TO PLAN THE HOME LANDSCAPE. By Arthur H. Carhart. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $1.

ART OF THE LANDSCAPE GARDEN IN JAPAN. By Tsuyoshi Tamura. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1936. $6.

Reviewed by RICHARDSON WRIGHT

FROM the spate of garden books streaming from this spring's presses we fish out these eight as representing the current horticultural taste in America, England, and Japan. For the practising gardener some of them are more than uncommonly valuable.

Since Josiah Conder's two folios of 1891 and 1893 no work on Japanese landscaping, save some small handbooks, has appeared until Mr. Tamura produced this magnificent volume to commemorate the visit of the Garden Club of America to Japan in 1935. The book falls into two sections—first the text, which sets forth the general characteristic of the Japanese garden, its history and philosophy, the elements of its design, and the materials used in making these gardens. The second part consists of one hundred and ninety-three views of Japanese gardens and details of them, each analyzed and thoroughly described, showing the progress in landscape art from the Muromachi period of the 14th century to the present taste for woods and water naturalism. A superb piece of book-making, this volume is an equally superb and definitive study of a complicated art. Under Mr. Tamura's pen it becomes quite simple and sublime.

Then from this to two volumes of English extraction—Mr. Cane's "Garden Design of Today" and "Gardens and Gardening." The latter is a picture book with some scattered chapters on horticultural matters. While the gardens displayed come from a number of countries, this contains a generous section of American gardens. A comparison shows that this country is fast evolving its own landscape vernacular. From a study of Mr. Cane's illustrations and his helpful and practical text one would gather that garden design in England has reached a static era. True, he considers landscaping the modernist house—advising the use of strong colored flowers or shrubs and columnar forms of trees, yet much of the English garden today is what it was when first Edward Lutyens and Gertrude Jekyll produced their designs a decade or more ago—restrained picturesqueness with an evident leaning toward formality. Mr. Cane's point of view is eminently sane. His practical suggestions can readily be translated for the American climatic zones. The book is a serious study and deserves serious consideration.

A third English book is Richard Sudell's "The New Garden." The "new" in this instance refers to making a garden from the soil upwards and in that case falls into the category of practical gardening books. It begins in the orthodox fashion with soil and site, and works up through all phases of garden activity and the care of a wide and suitable diversity of plant material. While it is obviously written for English gardeners, most of the cultural advice is applicable here.

Now turn to the four American books. That on ferns fits neatly into a contemporary enthusiasm. The intelligentsia among gardeners are taking up ferns in a big way. Though the Misses Roberts and Laurence have produced a slim book, it is stout with all the fern knowledge one need know. In addition to an excellent key for identifying ferns, they set down how to grow them, how to use them in gardens indoors and out. The various kinds are well illustrated.

Equally accommodating to the pocket are Mr. Longyear's "How to Make Garden Pools" and Mr. Carhart's "How to Plan the Home Landscape." The former is a breezy, down-to-earth consideration of all kinds and shapes of pools, how to place them to advantage in the garden picture, how to construct them, and how to surround them with suitable planting. When Mr. Longyear gets through, there isn't much more to say about pools. And the same is true of Mr. Carhart's handbook on landscaping. It explains the application of good design to the small property.

Finally the eighth. It is about time John Wister wrote this sort of book. Known heretofore for his studies of particular plant and bulb groups, he turns now in his "Four Seasons" to the broad subject of making and maintaining gardens. In addition to being the best illustrated garden book of the season, it is the most pronouncedly individual. Mr. Wister, praise be, has a sense of humor. He isn't taken in by contemporary fads. He doesn't even believe that a rock garden is necessary unto salvation. But he does believe that trees and shrubs and a good design come before the seed packet. On these topics he is superbly sane. Mr. Wister, while pouring practical advice by the pageful, takes his gardening with a smile . . . Incidentally he has a weakness for geraniums. So has Mr. Cane on his side of the Atlantic. Perhaps between them they can bring the geranium back into favor again.

Richardson Wright is Editor of House and Garden.

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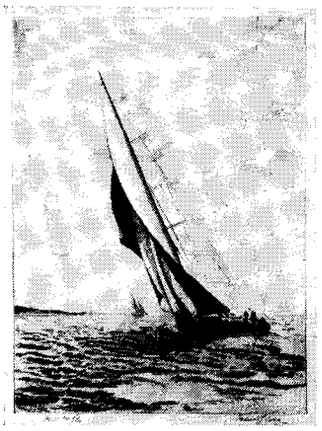

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Tools for the Gardener

HOW TO GROW DELPHINIUMS. By Leon H. Leonian. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $1.

HOW TO GROW ANNUAL FLOWERS. By Victor H. Ries. The same. 1936. $1.

HOW TO GROW PERENNIAL FLOWERS. The same.

TREES AND SHRUBS. By Arthur H. Carhart. The same.

A YEAR IN THE ROSE GARDEN. By J. H. Nicolas. The same.

BULBS FOR YOUR GARDEN. By Allen H. Wood, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. $2.75.

FLOWER GARDEN PRIMER. By Julia H. Cummins. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $3.

COLOR AND SUCCESSION OF BLOOM IN THE FLOWER BORDER. By H. Stuart Ortloff and Henry B. Raymore. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW? By Beverley Nichols, Compton Mackenzie, Marion Cran, V. Sackville-West. The same. $1.50.

GARDENING IN THE GREENHOUSE. By Anne Dorrance. The same.

GARDEN GOSSIP. By Dorothy Biddle and Dorothea Blum. The same. $1.

Reviewed by B. Y. Morrison

THERE was a time when the turn of the year brought chiefly an influx of garden catalogues to inspire the gardener to new activities. Now that distraction is divided by the numerous books that make a simultaneous appearance, designed for the most part to promote the same end, the making of more and better gardens. Another interesting development has been the production of many small books devoted to a single phase of gardening, books that have been designed to meet specific needs and, because of their reasonable costs, to find a wide market.

In "How to Grow Annual Flowers," Victor H. Ries has written a text of primer-like simplicity that tells what annuals are, where they should be planted, and what care should be given from the first preparation of the soil, the sowing of the seed, their care through their maturity, and closes with a calendar for the year and a question and answer chapter for those too lazy to read and deduce for themselves. His companion volume, "Perennial Flowers," follows almost an identical plan but is distinguished by more numerous and varied lists, more suggested plants, and those additional cultural details required by the longer life span of the plants.

In a similar fashion Arthur H. Carhart has discussed "Trees and Shrubs." The lists in this book are fewer and less varied, and apparently circumscribed by what might be guessed would suit the greatest range of geographic and climatic limitations.

All of these books are for the veriest beginner.

Although in the same series and written with equal simplicity, "How to Grow Delphiniums," by Leon H. Leonian, deals with a plant that beginners like to have first but might well postpone until they are older gardeners unless they live in climates where delphiniums thrive. As is proper, the book deals chiefly with the garden races of this genus and the many species that might be known are barely touched upon. The directions are simple and expert but the reviewer found no note to suggest that delphiniums are not at their best in regions of long, hot summers.

"A Year in the Rose Garden," by J. H. Nicolas, is an equally precise, small book, written with authority. Nearly every operation that could concern the rose grower is discussed and reduced in simplicity almost to a formula. The accompanying drawings are almost as simple. To aid the faint-hearted a list of one hundred varieties is given that should provide at least a proper point of departure for future rose growing.

"Bulbs for Your Garden," by Allen H. Wood, Jr., is a rather more discursive text. Although it has a clearly marked plan, one is sometimes disturbed by the ideas of compilation. The introduction, which covers general matters, is sound in idea but inaccurate in some details and quite fails to recognize the differences in cultural methods required by those bulbs that are renewed annually as compared with those that are more or less permanent. The opening chapters on "Garden Tulips," "Species Tulips," and "Hyacinths" are quite routine and no one except the beginner would find much help in the next four chapters. The remainder of the book takes one off the beaten path to learn of plants not seen as often as they well might be, but giving little enough in the way of data.

In the "Flower Garden Primer," by Julia H. Cummins, we have an excellent book for the beginner who wants simple instructions not only for the growing of plants in his garden, but also in the more fundamental matter of planning his place and keeping it progressing from one success to another. If you like larger books

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better than little ones, here is your book —covering the field of four or five small ones and much better reading to boot.

For the gardener who has passed the first stages and wants to achieve the almost impossible goal of continuous bloom, Ortloff and Raymore have prepared "Color and Succession of Bloom in the Flower Border" which anyone will recognize as a gardener's theme. The beginner will welcome it; the seasoned gardener will recognize it for old pastures save, perhaps, the useful ninth chapter "Plants for Various Purposes and Locations" in which, in addition to the inevitable lists for situations and sites, the authors have been brave enough to give general lists for various parts of the country.

In strong contrast to garden books of instruction, there are often garden books that are mostly talk. This is a difficult sort of book to write successfully because the reader may dislike a style and stop from boredom; he may be so diverted by cleverness that he does not find the meat of the matter; or he may be rendered so enthusiastic that he sets off on garden adventures he might well escape. As far as this reviewer is concerned, "Garden Gossip," by Dorothy Biddle and Dorothea Blom, is a great bore as a garden book and of no special charm as a human document. A British quartette, Beverley Nichols, Compton Mackenzie, Marion Cran, and V. Sackville-West, combine their pipes for "How Does Your Garden Grow?" Beverley Nichols goes on for page after page with a few ideas and one delicious error. Compton Mackenzie tells how he outwits the wind on his island. Marion Cran favors with a radio speech on window boxes and two chapters of bouquets for American gardens. V. Sackville-West completes the book with well written but scarcely informative bits that must have been composed for some other place and set together here. The wrapper would have you believe this is a classic. It isn't. As an example of writing that may lead you on where you shouldn't go, Anne Dorrance's "Gardening in the Greenhouse" may cost you money. Professional greenhouse men will snort, and cut-flower growers will probably turn away, but the people who have always wanted a greenhouse to do with as they please will probably succumb. The book is a personal record and few such are successful in their entirety. If you feel rich, go ahead and read it.

B. Y. Morrison is in charge of the division of plant exploration and introduction in the United States Department of Agriculture.

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The First Great Realists

(*Continued from page 4*)

sidereth a field and buyeth it. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor. She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness." An admirable woman. So useful and dependable, so pleasant and comfortable to live with. And so completely unromantic. Not even a sentence about her looks. "Grace is deceitful and beauty vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." One cannot help thinking that no young Hebrew, even though possessed of all the eminent common sense of his nation, could look at his sweetheart quite like that.

And indeed the only book in the Bible which strikes a youthful note, the so-called Song of Solomon, gives a very different account of what is to be praised in a woman:

Behold, thou art fair, my beloved.
Behold, thou art fair.
Thine eyes are doves
Behind thy veil . . .
Thy lips are a scarlet thread,
And thy mouth is lovely.

There is not a suggestion of the beloved's more useful qualities. These poems are all frank and passionate love songs which breathe the very spirit of youth, but it remains an unanswerable question why they were admitted to the Canon by the sober and learned rabbis who some time in the first century A. D. established what was and what was not the word of God. To do so they had to turn the lover and his beloved into Jehovah and Israel, as strange a transformation as could be, equalled only by that of the Christians into Christ and the Church. Both ideas do seem a severe indictment of the theologic intelligence. That book of youth strayed into the Bible by some unaccountable vagary.

Except for it and for the prophets, the dispassionate, disillusioned writers of the Old Testament all give an impression of being old. They seem the retired veterans of life's battle. Once they bore their share of the fighting, but now they stand apart, observing and meditating, always keen-eyed and penetrating, often kindly and tolerant, but aloof, people who have outlived enthusiasms. Not the prophets. They are not old. They are men of passion and fire. But neither are they young; mature, rather, at the point where life is strongest. The spirit of youth in the Bible is marked by its absence.

The only human quality the Old Testament praises with warmth is wisdom, which in the last analysis is the art of living, hardly to be attained except through long experience. The fear of the Lord was the beginning of it, as of every thing good, but wisdom itself was the culmination, the reward, of the Hebrews' eternal quest to understand life and mankind. It was by no means knowledge for the sake of knowledge. To depart from evil was the necessary result of it. The wise man not only knew, he acted wisely. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Wisdom's fruits were prudence, industry, discretion, self-control, a peaceable and equable spirit, all qualities of the utmost value for living successfully and happily with others. "The wise in heart shall be called prudent— He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding— A fool uttereth all his mind, but the wise keepeth it in till afterwards— I went by the vineyard of the man void of understanding and lo, it was all grown over with thorns— A good understanding have all they that do his commandments."

Knowledge must discover an intelligent way of living or it would be worth nothing. If wisdom broke down in practice it was not wisdom. "The ear that heareth the reproof of life, abideth among the wise."

This was the point of view of the men Amos and Isaiah grew up under. When they asked themselves if sacrifice and incense made life better, they were applying to worship the test they had been taught to apply to the affairs of daily life: does practical experience show that the result is good? They were above and beyond the rest not because of the realistic way they saw life, but because they caught sight of a new reality, the most important ever perceived. They were the first to see and to urge on the unconscious movement long under way among their nation to substitute love for fear as the motive power in human life. The God the prophets saw, very dimly to begin with, but always more and more clearly, was a God of good will toward men who did not need to be pacified and propitiated.

The shifting of the centre of worship away from fear toward love is the most momentous change that ever took place in men's attitude. Love and fear, the two great forces in life, are emotional opposites, with no common meeting ground. "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear." They differ in all respects. Love is not affected by the passage of time; fear continually shifts and changes. One form disappears to be replaced by another, in perpetual succession. Love is a constant; fear tends to decrease. Knowledge acts as a destructive force. "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free"—free from fears become unreal as the truth is perceived that there is nothing in life corresponding to them.

A figure which has altogether passed for us is that of the terror-stricken mother of Ancient Egypt, who never put her baby to bed without pronouncing a charmed formula against malignant spirits seeking the child's harm, actually present, perhaps, beside the cradle: "Run out, thou who comest in darkness, who enterest by stealth. Comest thou to kiss this child? I will not let thee kiss him. Comest thou to harm him? I will not let thee harm him. Comest thou to take him away? I will not let thee take him away." That fear is ended. It will never walk

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again. But it does not matter how ancient an expression of love is, it is never outgrown. Verse after verse in the Old Testament says for us more truly than ever we can for ourselves what we know of the tenderness and the anguish of love: "Thy friend which is as thine own soul"; "Intreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"; "The word of the Lord came unto me saying, Behold I take away the desire of thine eyes. And at even my wife died"; "And the king went up to his chamber and as he went thus he said, O my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son."

Love is not time's fool. But old fears have died and new have sprung up endlessly since the tale of David's grief was told, since Ezekiel's wife died or Ruth followed Naomi to an alien land. Nothing founded upon fear can be permanent. Love offers a durable basis to build upon.

There is not a word in the records of Babylon and Nineveh that foreshadows a change from fear to love in worship, but in Egypt during the 13th and 12th centuries before Christ, there are inscriptions that point to it: "Thou who comest at the cry of the poor"; "Thou sweet well, when the silent cometh, lo, he findeth thee." And most specific of all: "O thou who leadest the suffering to a place of pasture, even as a herdman the herds, I love thee and I have filled my heart with thee." But this new and unformulated idea failed to make a real impress. When it dawned Egypt was nearing the end of her power to seek and find. She was turning back to the past as the source of illumination.

The new conception died in Egypt almost as soon as it was born. It was reborn in Palestine never to die. There men felt deeply, as no men ever have more. The Hebrews were marked by their power of emotion. It is shown through the Old Testament to a degree seldom equalled in all the other literatures of the world. Over and over in its pages human feeling is expressed with a profundity and force never surpassed, as in David's lament for his erring son, or Ruth's entreaty to Naomi. It was inevitable that in a nation so endowed with the power to feel, the two strongest emotions, love and fear, should come into sharp conflict and that there first love should show itself the stronger.

So the people who saw better than any other what was real and permanently important in life made the discovery that love, the supremely important, life's eternal reality, was not only for men; it belonged to God as well.

The foregoing article, somewhat expanded, will constitute a chapter in Edith Hamilton's forthcoming book, "The Prophets of Israel," to be published in April by W. W. Norton & Co. Miss Hamilton is the author of "The Greek Way" and "The Roman Way."

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MEN OF GOOD WILL. By Jules Romains. *Knopf.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By Stefan Zweig. *Viking.*

MIND IN THE MAKING. By James Harvey Robinson. *Harpers.*

The Teacher in Fiction

A. H. L. of Brooklyn, N. Y. *would like to have a list of books in which the teacher appears in fiction.*

THEIR name is legion, so again I can but select at random. And again, of course, Dickens comes first to mind with Mr. Squeers, and Dotheboys Hall, and all the misery of NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Long before Dickens, however, was that classic of a more didactic age than our own, SANDFORD AND MERTON (Dutton), by Thomas Day, in which the tutor rather than the school teacher appeared. It is as a tutor, too, that one of the heroes of Charlotte Brontë's SHIRLEY is depicted, though in VILLIERS the teacher is to be seen in school. Of course, Hughes's TOM BROWN AT RUGBY introduces not only a teacher but one modeled on a famous original—Arnold of Rugby. H. G. Wells in THE UNDYING FIRE (Macmillan) presents his great schoolmaster overwhelmed by trouble but, firm believer that he is in creative evolution, still not despairing. In LOVE AND MR. LEWISOHN (Scribners) he depicts a downtrodden usher in a public school. Walpole's MR. PERRIN AND MR. TRAILL (Doubleday, Doran) recounts the adventures of two ushers who hate and are jealous of each other. A classic American tale is Edward Eggleston's THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER (Macmillan), a tale of pioneer life in Indiana. Among recent books Geoffrey P. Dennis's BLOODY MARY's (Simon & Schuster) is a painful description of English school life. And since everyone knows, of course, of James Hilton's best-seller, GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS (Little, Brown), it needs no description.

This is a sketchy reply, and I shall follow it up in a later issue.

Haemophilia

E. V. F. of Anniston, Ala., *writes: "'Victoria Regina' has made me very curious about haemophilia . . . I am particularly interested in the hereditary aspect of it; more particularly in its occurrence in the royal families of Europe, and where the Spanish and Russian princes got it.'"*

It is curious, in view of the frequent references to the disease which creep into the newspapers, and the occasional instances of it which occur among the acquaintance of the average person, how little that is intended for the lay reader is to be found in the encyclopedias. The articles there are hardly more than definitions of the condition, with reference to the fact that it occurs almost exclusively in males though it is transmitted through females; they cite no families in which it has been observed. Even the medical encyclopedia which holds proud place in the sanctum of the New York Public Library along with the Oxford English Dictionary and other noble works of reference contains little that will answer E. V. F.'s inquiry though it has a fairly full (and very cautious) medical discussion. From that source I culled a reference that may be of use if, as I rather doubt, Volume 12 of the UNIVERSITY OF LONDON LABORATORY MEMOIRS is available. In that book appears a discussion by Drs. Bullock and Ford, and on pages 196-254 and 349-354 are bibliographies. There has been occasional magazine and newspaper writing on haemophilia, which can be found by consulting an index to periodical literature. Since the personal and not the medical aspect of the disease are those which would interest the layman it is in such discussions that she would be most likely to find comment on the royal families which have suffered from it.

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The Laugh is on the Censor

BANNED BOOKS: INFORMAL NOTES. By Anne Lyon Haight. New York: R. R. Bowker & Co. 1935. $1.50.

FORCE, as all history proves, is futile in the suppression of ideas. Men may be bribed, imprisoned, and killed, but what has been thought cannot be un-thought. "Freedom of thought" has been grudgingly and pompously granted by Authority: freedom of speech and press is another matter. Authority, in the guise of Church, Crown, State, Chief of Police, or some churchman on the School Board, has tried to control the output or the circulation of books.

If you think there is method in the work of the censor, look at the list in Mrs. Haight's book! It includes about all branches of literature, exemplifies the resentment of all degrees of smugness—and yet is only a very small portion of a possible *Index*. The book is a result of an exhibition of banned books by the New York Junior League last winter. The list has many entertaining notes on the books banned at various times and places and for various reasons. There is a bibliographical check list and an index, and, I regret to say, an unfortunate number of printer's errors. The book ought to be read by all censors, professional and amateur—instead it will be read joyfully by those who already thumb their noses at the censor!

The Best of Van Gogh

VINCENT VAN GOGH. Edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. New York: Museum of Modern Art. 1935. $2.50.

The exhibition of the work of Vincent van Gogh, recently held in New York, was a nine days' wonder to a nation fed on photographs and photographic reproductions; but about the best feature of the show was the catalogue, issued as a quarto volume of some two hundred pages.

The text included a list of patrons, acknowledgments to lenders, a short biography made up of extracts from Van Gogh's letters, a genealogy, a chronology, a list of books he read, a map of his wanderings, a list of his pictures in American Museums, and a bibliography. I have seldom seen so satisfactory a presentation of the life and works of a painter, all arranged with consummate skill and completeness. There follows a catalogue of the exhibition, with reproductions of most of the works, carefully annotated. The editorial presentation deserves high praise.

In typography the book is equally successful. No less than four weights of Bodoni type are used, each for its own specific purpose. Bodoni is a difficult type to use properly, but the Spiral Press has combined the different sizes and weights in a book which seems to me almost a model of what a catalogue may be.

Notes

From Mr. S. A. Jacobs, The Golden Eagle Press, Mount Vernon, N. Y., "The Count," by Joseph Kling—a bizarre treatment, typographically, which is hardly pleasing. From The Black Cat Press, Chicago, Illinois, "Shanghaied," by Robert Whire Wirtz—overbalanced by the elaborate colophon; "Calisto," by Hugh Fisher—barely saved from ugliness by the careful printing of the very large type of good design.

From the Oxford University Press, "Modern Bookbinding, a survey and a Prospect," by Douglas Leighton—being the fifth Dent Memorial Lecture at Oxford, in the same small, neat size of the previous printed lectures. Good, simple typography.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE SLEEP WALKER'S NIECE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Wealthy somnambulist, apparently guilty of skewering objectionable house guest, keeps Perry Mason on jump.	Familiar—and apparently infallible—Gardner formula functioning with customary snappiness.	The usual tops
THE DEAR OLD GENTLEMAN *George Goodchild and Bechofer Roberts* (Harpers: $2.)	One Dear Old Gentleman (accused of killing housemaid) greatly interests another D. O. G. and bright reporter.	As good a trial scene (Scottish) as you'll find anywhere, beaucoup action, and super-tantalizing conclusion.	Caviar
THE CATALYST CLUB *George Dyer* (Scribners, $2.)	Club of amateur-specialists in California find naked girl, scooped to death by some unimaginable weapon.	Not completely mystifying, but a good messy murder, nice neat solution, and really funny humor.	Good male stuff

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Can you identify—

each of the following: Gil Blas, Machiavelli, Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale, Yorick, Evangeline?

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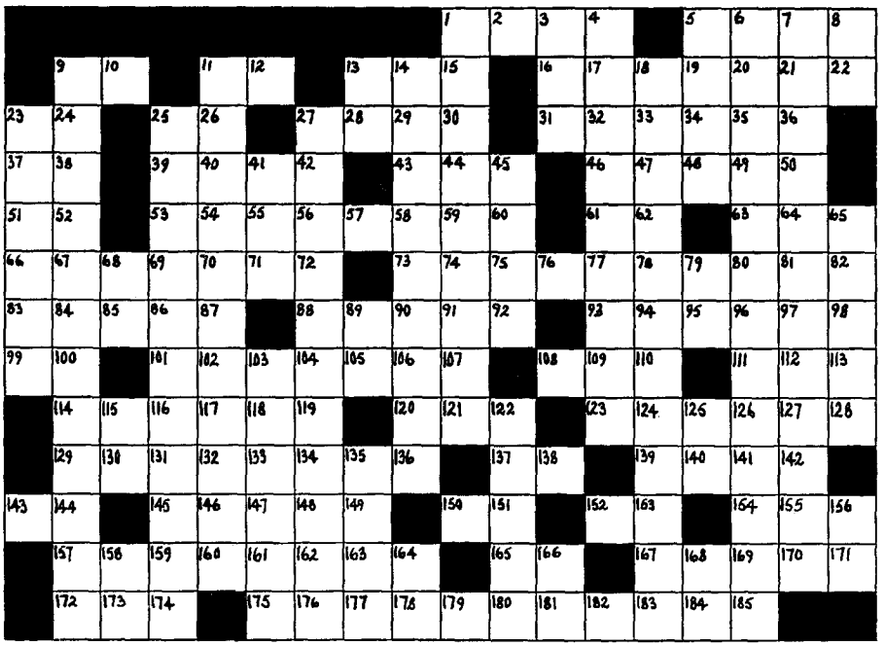
Double-Crostics: No. 104

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Cromwellian victory (1645).

II. Month.

III. Rebels against formal art.

IV. To sweeten.

V. Similarity of sound.

VI. Author of "A Dog of Flanders."

VII. Moldiness.

VIII. 1st magnitude star in "Southern Fish."

IX. Author of "Journal Intime" (1883).

X. Italian aviator.

XI. Rug of sheep's wool.

XII. To deceive, cheat.

XIII. To bask or expose in the sun.

XIV. Walked with a halt.

XV. Spirited.

XVI. Highest.

XVII. Follows closely.

XVIII. Recedes.

XIX. American poet and essayist (1809-94).

XX. Not yielding.

XXI. Parliament expelled by Cromwell (1653).

XXII. Book by Samuel Johnson.

XXIII. Unfeeling.

XXIV. United, combined.

XXV. River-god pursuer of Arethusa.

XXVI. Small salamanders.

XXVII. The action of an epic.

WORDS

26 108 153 147 137 87

11 83 1 25 120 174 94

109 116 89 148 12 151 175 141 3 51 172 60

136 6 100 75 165 162 130

14 155 34 52 81 30 37 185 138

156 121 150 42 124

133 102 59 13 22 144 110 61 50

38 62 49 181 91 173 84 117 122

112 43 152 48 55

180 95 111 132 85 128

113 32 168 104 178 68 125

119 64 79 33 107

44 96 76 179 29 40 166 15

57 97 176 5 106 16

39 82 23 135 164 72

93 158 56 169 80 70 129

53 17 114 67 139

19 35 170 69

63 184 105 73 58 46

28 167 18 86 134 149 98 142 183 123 118

127 163 9 157

161 99 78 171 24 71 90 4

74 41 27 10 115 36 177 7 47

31 77 20 101 140 45 146 154

143 92 131 2 160 126 8

103 66 159 182 88

54 65 145 21

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q was pleased to be reminded (by the alert Mildred Smith of *The Publishers' Weekly*) that this spring marks the centennial of good old Leary's of Philadelphia, probably America's most famous second-hand bookstore. ☞William A. Leary came to Philly from Maryland in 1836 and began by selling books from a basket to people round the market on North Second Street. Then he opened a stall just across from the Camel tavern. ☞There hasn't been a Leary in the business since Ned Stuart (who afterward became Governor of Pennsylvania) took charge in 1876.

☞We've always wanted to know something of the famous Bookworm picture (old bibliophile on stepladder) which was painted by Spitzweg and used by Leary's as a trademark now for 60 years. ☞We notice that Charley Everitt (45 West 47) offers nice etched reproductions of it at $5 in his latest catalogue.

☞Speaking of good friends in the second-hand business, we were much grieved to hear, on return from an absence, of the death of Edward J. O'Malley of 377 Fourth Avenue. Mr. O'Malley, widely and affectionately known in the trade, was a man of most lovable character, and concealed under quiet modesty a keen and devoted knowledge of books. The business will be continued by his son.

☞Among the most curious assortments of books, apparently chosen for fine bindings, are those that occupy ornamental niches in the Columbia Broadcasting Studios. ☞Syracuse, the town that turns a somewhat sombre face toward the railroad, gave Old Q time for a 10 minute stroll. He was sorry to find Bailey's bookstore apparently empty—or removed? But Abbie Bigelow's Bookstall on the Hill reports activity. ☞The sign of the Onondaga Hotel always makes us think of Fenimore Cooper, and Salina is a pleasant name for a street.

☞Simon & Schuster begin their spring catalogue with a dedication, to Victor Gollancz (of London) "publisher of good books, lover of good music, and writer of great catalogues." ☞A mighty interesting brochure is *The Libraries of the Presidents of the United States* by A. S. W. Rosenbach, reprinted from the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society (Worcester, Mass.). ☞Dr. Rosenbach discusses the literary tastes of the Presidents, the present whereabouts of their libraries, and reproduces the bookplates of seventeen of them. He says the Hoover War Library at Leland Stanford University is the greatest book-collecting achievement of any President. ☞The National Association of College Stores, which embraces the many academic bookstores that are a growing and intelligent influence in the trade, now has permanent headquarters in New York City. It will hold its annual Buying Conference at Hotel McAlpin, May 12-15 and those publishers who realize the possibilities of the college market will do well to be on hand. ☞The Association issues a lively magazine every other month, *The College Store*, edited by Donald G. Lyman of Columbia University Bookstore.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

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PERSONALS

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KANSAS LIBRARIAN tired of Kansas. What erudite slave will trade jobs for two months? Box 145-B.

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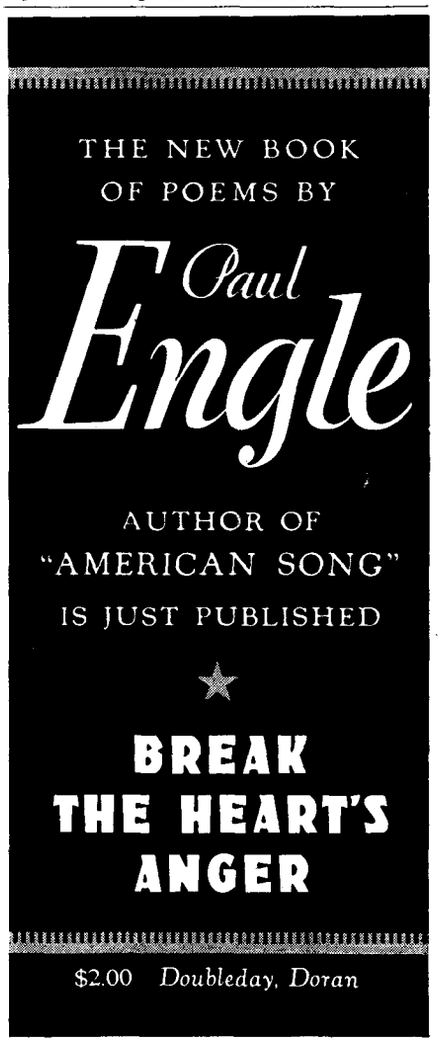

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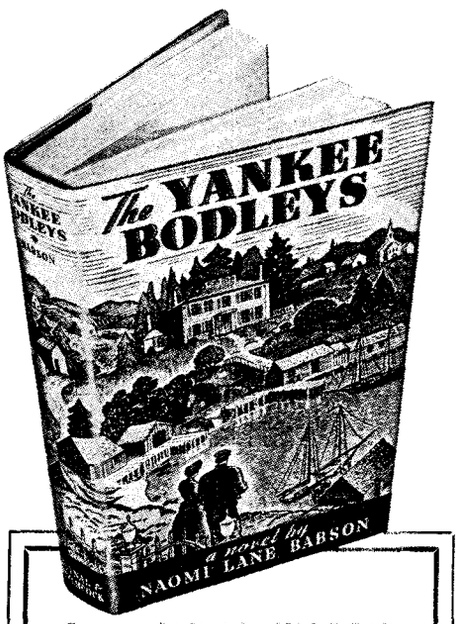

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